

Golden Touch

by sweetwaterspice

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Summary: "I shouldn't be allowing this. I shouldn't. But I am. Because I'm starved and I think I have feelings for Warner." This is my version of the events in "Unravel Me" chapter 62. Story is rated (MA) for sexual content and language. I don't own any of the characters but I love Warner/Juliette!

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\_\*\*Author's Notes: \*\*\_

\*\*This is my first fanfiction on the "Shatter Me" Series. This is a OneShot. As I become more familiar with the story and characters I may be inspired to write more. I don't own any part of this series just love Warnette!\*\*

\*\*This storyline takes place during "Unravel Me" chapter 62 when Warner comes to Juliette's room and they have some very sexy moments. Well, this is my version of what should've really happened!  
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\_\*\*WARNING! \*\*\_\*\*This OneShot contains graphic sexual content and language. It is rated for (MA) only! If you do not enjoy this sort of storyline or are easily offended, please don't read this. You have been WARNED! All others...\*\*

\_\*\*Enjoy! \*\*\_

\_\*\*~Sweetwaterspice \*\*\_

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><p><span><strong>Golden Touch<strong>

I'm spinning spinning spinning

My heart has burst into a million pieces.

I'm heat. I'm passion. I'm ardor.

I'm with Warner.

On my bed.

I can't believe what is happening. Not to me. Is it even possible? It is. He is here. Warner. With me. Touching me, kissing me, loving me. I'm Alice falling through the looking glass. Falling falling falling.

I feel his body, rippling with muscles, hovering over mine. His bare chest feels so right under my touch. I allow myself to touch him more. I am touching the mass of his chest because now I know for certain that I can't hurt him. So I allow my hands, hands that have been yearning to touch another, to feel the hardness of his chest, my palms to brush the peaks of his nipples. I'm on fire.

I shouldn't like it. I should tell him to leave, but I don't want to, so I don't. I want him to unravel me as much as I want to unravel him. Every layer of him. Every detail of him. My lips on every inch of him.

His hands are on my bare thighs. His lips scorching my neck.

"I want you, I want all of you..." I recall his words.

Yes. Yes! YES! I wanted to shout, but I didn't. He knows it already. He feels my growing need to be filled. To be filled by him. I want him to make love to me so desperately I almost beg. But I don't.

I'm heat. I'm passion. I'm wet.

I want him, inside, quenching this ache, this pulsating ache between my thighs. Warner, I need you. Please. Don't torture me any longer. Give me what I need. Give me what I want. Give me you...all of you.

I feel his manhood press between my legs and I'm tormented. I moan softly. He hears it. I see him smile.

"Aaron, " I whisper so softly I can barely hear my own voice but I know I've uttered his name.

"Yes, love?" He answers, his fingers tugging on the band of my panties.

And I can't speak another word. His voice intoxicates me. He's a drug and I'm an addict.

His lips are so soft. I shouldn't like the feel of his mouth. But I do. I do. I want more. Crave more.

I'm starving starving starving.

I'm like a hungry animal and I want to devour. I want to satisfy this hunger in my bones. This hunger that's savagely gnawing at me, so desperate to feed.

And I can't wait any longer. I will feed.

I slip my hand down to his region. I have never touched a man there before. He is so hard. I squeeze.

He groans, painfully, "Julietteâ€|oh God."

His response only serves to fan the flames scorching my insides. I've never felt so hot. I thought I knew heat when Adam touched me but not like this. This is white-hot. Intense. Blinding. Purely carnal. And I love it.

I pull on his bottom lip with my teeth. I've given him the green light. And he knows. He knows he is okay to proceed. And we kiss fully. Our lips are locked. His tongue sweeps over mine and mine over his. He allows me to explore him. He is all male. Every bit a man. God, he feels so damn good. So hard. So damn hard. I run my hand up and down his length, feeling his thickness, reveling in the fact that I've done this to him. Me. Juliette. My heart is leaping.

He breaks our kiss and sits on his knees. I follow sitting on mine. He pulls me close, his fingers playing at the hem of my shirt and he pushes it up, over my head. I'm half-naked. With Warner.

I'm heat. I'm passion. I'm dying!

His hands cup my breasts. "You're so beautiful," he tells me. I soar.

My fingers slip into his hair as I welcome his kiss on my breasts. He's so gentle and tender. He kisses the sensitive flesh of my globes; one, then the other. Then I feel his tongue on my hard nipple. I know I've died. I'm in heaven. My fingers curl into his hair and he feels my hunger. He sucks and bites down on me softly. I feel shocks of pure ecstasy. My eyes are closed, loving his attention. He twirls my other nipple between his fingers soon to cover that one too with the heat of his hungry mouth.

I shouldn't be allowing this. I shouldn't. But I am. Because I'm starved and I think I have feelings for Warner. I should hate him. But I don't. I have warm feelings for Warnerâ€|Aaron. He will make love to me. I shouldn't do this but I want to and I will let him.

I feel his urgency. He is as desperate as I am. He attacks the column of my throat, pulling me so close to him there is not a centimeter of space between us. My breasts are pressed into his chest and he feels hot hot hot, like me. We are one ball of fire.

His hands are all over me; throat, shoulders, arms, back and naked ass. And I can't remember when I lost my panties. But his touch...God his touch is golden like an artist's brush and I am the canvas. It's as if his hands are writing a story he's been dying to pen and my skin is vellum.

"I want to taste you, Aaron," I whisper in his ear. His assault stops. He looks at me. "I want to know youâ€|all of you," I reiterate, my palm shamelessly rubbing his cock.

I find the button to his pants and feel one of his hands lightly come

to rest on top of mine. It's erotic. I find the zipper and slowly lower it. I kiss him softly as I push his pants down over his hips. I moan against his mouth. I can feel him so much better now. The thin material of his boxers the only shield keeping me from his flesh.

"Juliette," he moans against my lips. I love the sound of my name floating from his lips. I'm so selfish.

I'm holding him now and I have to see it. My gaze falls to my hand holding his rigid flesh. He is beautiful. So beautiful. So perfect. I feel his growth in my hand. So big. So frightening. How is it even possible? But I can't bother answering that question at the moment.

He guides my hand to stroke his flesh and soon pulls away now that I have a hang of it. I run up and down his length and dip my hand between his legs to cup his balls. He inhales as I fondle his precious orbs and his eyes are blazing. And I want to taste him. I want to feel him in my mouth. I tell him so. He lays down and together we rid him of his bottoms. He lays there expectantly. I admire his beauty. I run a hand over his thigh and I see him react.

My dark hair falls on both sides of my face once I lower my head and flick my tongue over the head of his erection. He gasps and I feel his abdomen contract. I've never done this before but I know enough to manage. Twirling my tongue over his head made my hunger surface. I opened my mouth and took him in. He groaned most audibly.

I shouldn't like this. I shouldn't. But like hell, I do. I wrap my lips tight around his thick flesh, feeling the veins of his erection over my lips. "Mmmmmâ€¦Mmmmm," I hear myself moan. And I hear the sucking, slurping sounds I make and I'm not ashamed. God, he's amazing. I suck harder, faster. I come up for air. My hand is wrapped around his rod moving up and down and he's loving it. He tells me so. He wants my mouth back on him and so I obey. His hand is on my head, encouraging me to pleasure him. And I do. Mouth, tongue and hand all working together. I feed myself over and over and I can't seem to quench my hunger. But I'm not the only one with an appetite.

He stops me. "My turn, love."

I'm Dorothy. I've landed in Oz.

Could it be possible, this pleasure I'm feeling? Warner's...Aaron's mouth is on me and his tongue is doing things to me I thought unimaginable. His mouth is a box of treasures, spilling a bounty of diamonds and pearls. His tongue is a magic wand, casting a spell on me. I'm spellbound. And I'm loving every second. My bottom moves against his mouth and I want more. I need more.

"OH GOD!" I hear myself cry out. "Oh fuck!" I hear myself curse. His lips are wrapped around my button sucking hard, pulling harder, flicking mercilessly. The bottom of my feet are on his shoulders trying to push away but he holds me tight and still. What is happening?! "OH MY GOD! OH OHHHH!"

I shatter in a million pieces. I've burst and my limbs have been blown off. And I feel wonderful! So wonderful! My head is spinning

spinning spinning. My legs are trembling. I guess I didn't lose my limbs after all. And I've never felt such...freedom.

Aaron surfaces from between my thighs. His lips trail kisses over my hips and now my stomach and then up my rib cage and I'm melting slowly.

"Did you enjoy that, love?" he asks.

I can't even wrap my head around what just happened but I answer, "Absolutely." I shouldn't have allowed it but I don't regret it. "I...I never..." I uttered breathlessly.

"I know, love," he brushes against my lips and I'm starved again.

"Make love to me, Aaron."

He smiles and kisses me so gently, I am a feather.

I feel his manhood press against me and I stiffen a bit, unsure as to how this will work out. All I know is that it does...somehow.

"I don't want to hurt you, love. Just let me know if I need to stop, okay?"

"Alright," I whisper. The ache I'm feeling is too much to bear and I feel desperate. I need him now!

He tries again, gently pushing into my slick womanhood. I wince and grab hold of his shoulders. I close my eyes as he pushes again, opening me for the first time. I give off a small whimper and he stops.

"Are you okay, Juliette? I don't want to hurt you."

I reassure him I'm fine and want him to continue. I need him now more than ever.

He retracts and pushes into me again, this time further and I let out another audible whimper as I clutch his shoulders. I'm trying my best not to scream but it's hurting. I can take it. I can. Because I want this. So much.

He seems a little unsure and I kiss him.

"Make love to me, Aaron. Make love to me like you've always wanted to."

In that instant I feel his resolve crumble and he gives in to me. He pushes through my barrier and I whimper loudly into his neck, holding him to me until the wave of pain disappears and he moves within me. And I'm holding him to me. He kisses me and I kiss him back.

He utters those words, "I love you, Juliette."

And we are making love. I am floating. In space. Is this really happening? Is it real?

I am with a man. I am making love to a man. And it's not Adam.

My fingers slip into Warner's hair as he moves inside of me. Oh God. I'm starved. I need it all. The sensation is overwhelming. Pleasure pleasure pleasure; that is all I feel. His body plastered against mine, touching every intimate place. He is filling me, molding me, satisfying me. I feel a smile on my lips.

I shouldn't have allowed it. But I'm so damn happy I did.

"Aaron," I say his name. "You feel so good. You feel so damn good." My fingers are sunk in his hair.

And I'm lost in him. In his body, his lips, his hands...his dick.

I've never felt any power like this and I'm ready to explode!

Warner's moves are more urgent now. Deeper, faster, powerful. He alerts me he is about to climax and just those words make the dam of my pussy burst open. I cry out again and I don't care if anyone hears.

I'm heat. I'm passion. I'm over the edge.

I'm unleashing a flood of love over him as my clit spasms and my walls are quivering and I'm shaking. I'm blinded. I hear Warner groan as he stiffens against me and releases his climax to mix with mine.

I'm heat. I'm passion. I'm Warner's.

He collapses on top of me.

Here I am in my bed. In the middle of the night and Warner...Aaron is lying next to me. He is asleep. He is beautiful. We are lovers. I shouldn't have allowed it to happen a second time but I did. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

We make love yet again in the wee hours of the morning.

I am heat. I am passion. I am in love.

With Adam's brother.

I'm glad the girls were away all night. Otherwise I would have never known Warner...Aaron. I would've never known this was possible. I am selfish. And I can't think about myself now.

Soon it will be time to go to war.

I fall asleep and when I wake up...he's gone.

I couldn't go with him as he wanted. I had to stay and help to fight this war against his father. I hoped he would understand. I pray he would forgive me. Hurting him was not what I had planned to do.

As I dressed in my suit to go into battle, my thoughts were of Aaron. I would see Adam soon. Would he be able to see the guilt in my eyes?

I couldn't hurt Adam but I knew we could never be together no matter how much we wished it.

I am heat. I am passion. I am torn between two brothers.

I love Adam but after last night I realized I am in love with Aaron.

I am heat. I am passion...

I belong to Aaron.

The one with the golden touch.

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><p><strong>What did you think? Please leave a review or comment. I would love to hear from everyone who took the time to read this.<strong>

End  
file.